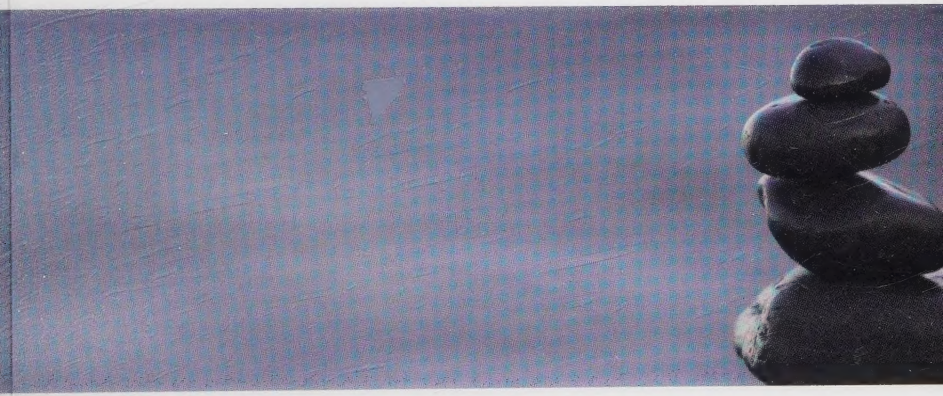
Photography: Its Recognition as a Fine Art and a Means of Individual Expression



Thomas Harrison Cummings, Photographers' Association of America

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Photography: Its Recognition as a Fine Art and a Means of Individual Expression

Thomas Harrison Cummings,
Photographers' Association of America

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PHOTOGRAPHY: ITS RECOGNITION AS A FINE ART AND A MEANS OF INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSION

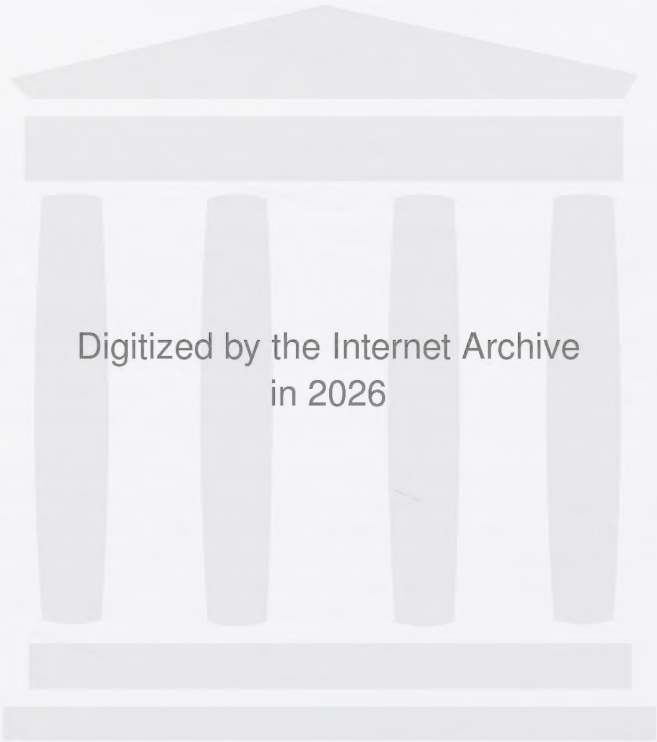
By THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS

Editor of "Photo Era," the American Journal of Photography
The Practical Photographer
Art in Photography

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Photographers' Association of America, at the Quarter-Centennial Convention held in Boston August 8–11, 1905

Boston, 1905
Photographers' Association of America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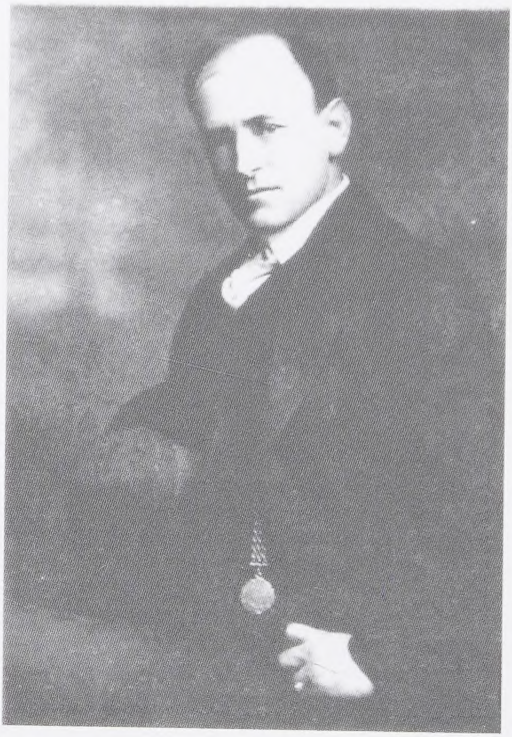

GEORGE G. HOLLOWAY

PRESIDENT, P. A. OF A.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ITS RECOGNITION AS A FINE ART AND A MEANS OF INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSION

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Boston is indeed a city rich in historical associations, but among all the memories of the past there is none we of the photographic fraternity in this city prize more highly than the fact that professional photography, of which you are such a distinguished part, first saw the light of day here and took its first rise in the United States sixty-four years ago. It is an actual fact that the first professional studio, with a skylight, ever built in America was erected in this city, and up to four years ago we had the oldest living professional photographer in the world, Josiah Johnson Hawes, of Boston. Though in the ninety-fourth year of his age, he did his own operating and posing until the last. His venerable figure and quaint studio in Tremont Row was a striking landmark in this city for over sixty years.

In 1841, only two years after Daguerre had communicated his discovery to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, and in the same year that Fox Talbot first gave the Royal Society in London a description of his process for making a negative, Mr. Hawes, our fellow townsman, was making daguerreotypes in Boston. He was a young man of thirty and was painting portraits in oil when Daguerre's representative arrived here, and he took the first agency for his process established in the United States. Two years later Doctor Draper, of New York, reduced the time of exposure necessary from thirty minutes to twenty-five seconds. The process now being practical, Mr. Hawes associated with him a partner named Albert Southworth. Together they built the first skylight for sun pictures ever built in America, and this studio of Hawes and Southworth was famous for nearly half a

century for fine portrait work and was one of the sights of this city, located not far from this spot.

Fifty years ago was also the golden age of literature, art and oratory in Boston. There was Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Charles Sumner, Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop, all of whom sat for their pictures to Mr. Hawes, and the loftiest peak in all that mountain range of intellect, from the standpoint of pure eloquence, Wendell Phillips, the great abolitionist, the silver-tongued tribune of the people. Among his oratorical achievements was a famous lecture called "The Lost Arts," conceded to be the most popular and charming lecture ever delivered from an American platform. It was mainly an attempt to prove that the ancients surpassed the moderns in all kinds of knowledge, whether of the sciences or of the arts. There are certain lines, he used to say, in which the moderns are content to acknowledge their indebtedness to the ancients. Take poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture and the drama, and anything that relates to beauty in any form, the modern world takes its inspiration from the ancient.

You tell the poet that his lines remind you of Homer, and he is crazy with delight. Stand in front of a painting, in hearing of an artist, and compare its coloring to a Titian or a Raphael, and he will remember you forever. I remember once standing in front of a bit of marble in Rome carved by Powers, a Vermonter. I said to an Italian standing near, "Well, now, that seems to me to be perfection." "To be perfection?" shrugging his shoulders. "Why, sir, that reminds me of Phidias," as if to remind one of that Greek was a greater compliment than to be perfection. And so he concluded that this very choice of phrases betrayed a confession of inferiority, and we of the modern world have added hardly a single line or sweep of beauty to the antique.

I wish that Mr. Phillips could have been present here to-day to see and to hear this story of art in photography as told by this quarter-century convention of the Photographers' Association of America,— Photography, youngest among the graphic arts, not a lost art but a distinctly new and modern art, unknown to the ancients, invented, developed and wholly perfected by the people of our day and generation. I wish it had been permitted him, I say, to stand here to-day with all his polite knowledge of ancient and modern times and to realize, as we are privileged to, the perfection to which this art has now grown; how, within the brief space of fifty years it has grown from a vague suggestion of

C. J. VAN DEVENTER

1ST VICE-PRESIDENT, P. A. OF A.

an image on a metallic plate, in the early days of Daguerre and Fox Talbot, to a rich carbon or platinum print of to-day, technically superb and artistically perfect — sometimes as beautiful as anything the painters can give us, composition, tone, color, all combined to produce beauty. At last, he would say, — for Mr. Phillips was honest, — there is something new under the sun and that is a sun picture. This arrangement of line, this development of curves, this massing of light and shade, is as an Italian master would compose in the fifteenth century. There is a new era of light dawning in photography — it is a strictly modern form of expressing art and beauty never anticipated by the ancients.

I am announced to speak to you this morning on the Recognition of Photography as a Fine Art. When this announcement was first made public some of my editorial friends among the fraternity said, "Cut it out," "Make it short, Cummings; the conventions are done to death on this subject of Art." I countered on them by saying that they were so swallowed up by the tide of commercialism, chasing the almighty dollar, that they lost sight of the higher interests of the profession. However, I promise not to detain you long in dealing with my subject and I will be brief.

There is a story attributed to the Father of our Country, Gen. George Washington, of a man who went into a Revolutionary inn and asked for a drink. The landlord, who was a little penurious, pushed out a wineglass about half the usual size and when the man had swallowed the contents in one gulp the landlord turned to him and said, "That glass out of which you are drinking is forty years old." "Well," said the thirsty traveller, contemplating its diminutive size and smacking his lips, "It 's the smallest thing of its age I ever saw."

Now photography is sixty odd years old, but unlike the wineglass, it is the biggest thing for its age that I ever saw. Why, do you know that it took painting a thousand years and the arts of wood engraving and etching five hundred years each to secure recognition from the world as fine arts. But photography, in fifty years, has risen to the same level, and if we may judge the future by the past it bids fair to distance all the others in the field of art expression. Like electricity in the scientific world it is the coming agency in the artistic world, because it offers a solution of combining the useful and the beautiful. I sometimes wonder if the average professional photographer appreciates to the fullest the dignity of his calling?

Photography to-day is an economic necessity in every community. No well-regulated society can afford to be without its photographic studio because of the part it plays in maintaining the memory and affections of family life through the pictures it makes. When the author of Green's History of England was asked what in his opinion was the greatest boon that has been conferred on the poorer classes in later years, he promptly answered "Photography,"—sixpenny photographs,—"because," he said, "counteracting the tendencies, social and industrial, in society which every day are sapping the healthier family affections, the sixpenny photograph is doing more for the poor of England to keep alive their love for each other than all the philanthropists of the world." We all know and appreciate the comfort and consolation of having photographs in our homes of those whom we love, who are near and dear to us, but just away.

Take, for instance, the picture of a dear old mother, a picture so majestic and sacred and withal so common that even art approaches it timidly. I speak of the humble type of mother, who stands to-day in everyday life, I think the saddest and noblest of human wrecks. You have met her, a type in every community, in her old black silk dress, making the shadowy background of some humble social gathering. Her face is furrowed and careworn. Her wrinkled hands are crossed on her lap. She has given away the better part of her life ungrudgingly to help others and now lies stranded and waiting on the bleak coast of life. Where are the children into whom she drained all her love? The very conditions of existence seem to demand that they shall neglect if they do not forget her. Nature decrees that they shall give the affection which she has fostered and nurtured to some one else.

It is only when we come back home to see the old wrinkled hands tied together at the wrists and stare down for the last time into the dear familiar face in the cold rigidity of death that there surges up in us all the feelings of a pent-up sorrow. Then we remember the photograph of mother with gratitude and tears, and then we understand that photography is truly

"The Art that secures the Shadow
Ere the Substance vanishes."

If we could take the pathos out of photography we would rob it of one of its greatest values and chief charms.

Yet this is but one of the many ways in which the influence of photography is felt in the life of the world to-day. Its value

A. T. PROCTOR

3d VICE-PRESIDENT, P. A. OF A.

as an aid to research, to study, and to the diffusion of knowledge of every sort and kind is known to everyone. It has grown from a popular science to a world-embracing industry, entering into nearly every science and art. It has completely revolutionized the science of astronomy. Eclipses of the sun and moon have given us information, through the agency of the photographic plate, which was hitherto unattainable by telescopes alone. Nebulæ, asteroids, comets and meteors have been studied, their form, detail and conditions revealed, and the astronomer who could not catch the satellite of Neptune with his glass has seen it with the rings of Saturn, fixed upon his photographic plate. With the spectroscope, photography has helped in the discovery of variable stars, and binaries of the shortest periods have been detected and classified by it. With the aid of the modern rapid dry plate, sensitive to all or any desired colors, photography has become a valuable ally to the microscope. In chemistry Dr. Crookes, by the aid of photospectroscopy and orthochromatic plates, has added the metal monium to the list of the elements. Meteorology has been enriched by the study of lightning discharges and clouds. In botany the kinetoscope has recorded the varying phases of growing plants, while, in the industries, the application of photography has been practically without limit.

It has reproduced the Encyclopædia Britannica at one-third the cost of type. It has preserved the valuable manuscript copy of the Century Dictionary, and now can be utilized to economize space in public libraries by compressing books that are seldom or never read. Its application to the manufacture of tapestries by furnishing cards for the Jacquard loom, thus making tapestries commonplace, is well known. The furnishing of legal evidence as developed by Dr. Persifor Frazer, in detecting forgeries, duplicating documents and detecting criminals by photography, is now a part of history.

In the Russo-Japanese War the camera has gone to the front and has furnished valuable records. Finally, the commercial importance of photography can be approximately gauged when we know on reliable authority that there are over ten thousand professionals and nearly two million amateurs practising photography to-day in the United States.

I am to speak to you on one phase only, viz., the Recognition of Photography as a Fine Art — the camera a medium of individual expression. What is art? I remember one definition given us at Buffalo in 1902 by Elbert Hubbard, who said that

"art," in his opinion, "was largely a matter of haircut and neckties." Inasmuch as Hubbard needed a haircut badly and wore a flowing necktie, the audience caught the point and laughed heartily with the joker. But, later on, this same speaker said that art was the beautiful way of doing things and the expression of a man's joy in his work, which recalled to my mind some remarks by Pirie MacDonald made at the New England Convention in 1889. He said: "I have made money and have spent it, — and I will make more money and spend it to satisfy my hunger for the beautiful in photography. But I tell you I have not made my pictures for money alone. I have made them because I loved to make them. I had a yearning to create something beautiful, and that love in me enabled me to delight in taking infinite trouble and pains. My purpose is accomplished if I can make you want to make something beautiful merely because it is beautiful, for the door to these things beautiful is only open to those who love the road that leads to it." After all is said, these definitions of art are narrow and limited to one point of view. Art is something more than the beautiful way of doing things, which is only composition, selection; is more than the expression of a man's joy in his work, which is only temperament. It must also include the creative imagination.

The artist must first think of his subject in a certain effect or design. In photography he must think of his subject in lights and shades, beauty of line, etc., and having created the effect he imagined he then takes its picture. In this way the creative imagination comes into photography with design; and when they both come into any art, that art becomes a fine art. It is not the beauty of the subject, but the beauty of the form which the imagination of the artist gives to the subject, that makes it a fine art. Here is where the value of art training comes in. It helps the artist to create something in a design, and this design must be beautiful in itself, apart from what it suggests or signifies, to be artistic. There is a story told of a poor old Irish woman carrying a baby in her arms who went into one of our department stores to buy a few yards of flannel. The baby was crying lustily, and trying to hush him she crept timidly up to the counter. The clerk, who was rather a plain looking young man, sought to patronize the old lady and said to her, "Let the baby cry, my good woman; he will grow up handsome." Quick as a flash her tired face lit up, and with a roguish twinkle in her eye, she turned to him and said, "Wisha then, God knows, 't was a pity

you did n't do more crying when you were a boy." The moral for you is plain. In other words, it is a pity that some of you had not done more studying of art when you were boys — you might have grown up making handsomer pictures now.

Somebody asked a famous painter once what he mixed his paints with, and he promptly answered, "With brains, sir!" One of the best known and most successful photographers in this country once remarked to me that composition was nine tenths of the game in every great picture, "for, then," he added, "photography becomes allied with art, since it is then that photography and brains are mixed." In the last analysis this is true.

The recognition of photography as a fine art implies the mixing of brains with a temperament to put personal expression into a picture. Furthermore, it is not enough that one should possess a knowledge of the principles of art, and have the artistic feeling; one should also so control the photographic process that the picture will in the finished result tell the character and purpose of the photographer himself. It should express his thought and meaning and so individualized that it could not be mistaken for anybody's else but his. Such a man spells himself an artist whether he be a painter, sculptor, silversmith or photographer.

The painter, for instance, strives to render his impression of the picture he wishes to express through the medium of his brush and palette as truthfully as possible. The artist photographer does the same thing in making an artistic photograph with his camera. Barring color and the inability to render certain relative values, his picture represents and expresses his impression of the beauty he wishes others to see. Hence it is that we call his work art, and the worker an artist.

Of course, there are those who object to this reasoning. I know painters in this city who still claim that art and photography are contradictions in terms. Art, they say, stands for refined emotion and feeling and calls for a high order of intelligence, while photography is something purely mechanical. The merciless severity of the paper, plates, lenses and chemicals prevents the photographer from seeing beauty and expressing his vision so that others may see it in his picture. If all this were true it would be folly indeed for us to discuss, much less maintain, that photography is a fine art. Admit that the camera is mechanical, and has its limitations as a medium, the same is true in a varying degree of every known medium of art. The

brush, the chisel and the pencil all have their limitations. It is the personal element, after all, that is the most powerful factor in art and in artistic picture making. In just so far as a photograph is distinguished from a mere record of fact and expresses a personal element it assumes importance as a work of art. Furthermore, as art in the photograph is expressed according to our ideas of beauty as we see it, we infuse into the work our own ideas, which means our personality. This is what is called individuality in picture making. And when this is accompanied by the ability to see beauty, and to make others see it in a photograph, we call it art, and the man who is capable of such work an artist. The camera is here again a medium for individual expression. If the picture shows temperament and a personal intent on the part of the photographer to express beauty, it must be called artistic in spite of all the painters of Christendom.

On the other hand, we admit that no man, except by accident, can express his idea of beauty in a picture and make others see it without having first mastered the principles that underly art itself. In all the arts there are certain conventions that are generally accepted for success. For instance, in music there are the scales, chords and harmonies which, if they are wanting, turn the composition into discord and noise. So also in painting, if the conventions are wanting the painting falls down.

Photography is like painting, since both are pictorial, both follow the same rules in composition, the arrangement of light and shade, both portray the beauty and grandeur of nature, and both are dependent upon the mind and knowledge of the artist for success. Unless a photographer is something more than a mere recorder of facts, he does not portray beauty nor does he give pleasure, and he is, therefore, not an artist. Again, I repeat, to be artistic the photograph must be pictorial, must follow the accepted rules of composition, light and shade, and must express beauty in an unmistakable way. It must show temperament and a personal intent on the part of the photographer to express beauty, to be called art. And all these principles of art may be learned from the works of the great masters. They are primarily and briefly summed up in the one word,— selection or composition.

Regarding composition, I will not speak now, as there are speakers better qualified than myself already announced to address you on this subject. They are familiar with the technicalities of the subject, while I am simply a photographic editor,

J. M. BANDTEL
SECRETARY, P. A. OF A.

on the watch for manifestations of art in any form, and seeking to voice for you the hopes and aspirations of your profession. Even here in this convention I venture to say there are pictures hung which represent real art, genuine, vital, personal art. I think I can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that photography in general, is to-day showing art in a greater degree than one may find in most contemporary exhibitions of paintings, and second only to that which now and then appears in the work of individual painters, like the Copley shows of Sargent, Whistler and Monet, held in this city in recent years.

Do not misunderstand me as claiming for photography an equality with painting in the matter of artistic expression. What I do claim is this, that in spite of its mechanical limitations, photography is to-day being exploited more intelligently as a mode of real art expression than some of the older mediums. There are painters to-day who still create, but they are few in number. A photograph made by a man who seeks to express his individuality in his work is much to be preferred to a painting by an indifferent artist, however skilfully made. It is this attempt to create something new and vital that gives life to the fine art school of photography. Though still an undeveloped medium compared with painting, and though fettered with technical difficulties, when photography goes back to the fundamental laws of art and produces results such as we have in this convention, its recognition as a fine art cannot be long delayed.

I suppose if anyone should ask me at this point what quality gave the greatest value to a picture as a work of art, I should say, feeling, refined and cultured feeling. The composition may be perfect, the lines and masses of the picture may be balanced with the utmost harmony, the values may be true, but the one necessary quality to bind them all together is that fine, true, poetic quality or feeling, which always characterizes a real work of art. For art is not an affair of argument but rather of deep feeling. If you feel a picture to be wrong, it can't be altogether right.

Sensitiveness to beauty is the chief characteristic and help for the production of this quality of refined feeling in a picture. Some have it in greater degree than others, while nearly all can cultivate it. By constant observation and the study of nature, of poetry, and of the acknowledged masters of the art of painting, one can educate oneself to an artistic perception of what is right in picture making. To eliminate the commonplace and the

vulgar and substitute for it refined poetic feeling is the task we should set for ourselves. By keeping in view the limitations of our medium and not attempting the impossible, by monkeying too much with the negative, we will inject personal feeling into our work unconsciously and it will give us, in large measure, satisfaction and delight.

Perhaps one of the strongest arguments to prove the claims of photography to be a fine art lies in the fact that it is evolutionary like all the arts. Not only are individual workers created whose style can be easily differentiated from that of others, but national schools of photography are being evolved. Nay, more; national schools of photography exist. What may be dignified by the name of a national school of photography exists in Belgium, England, Germany, and in France; and even in the outlying regions of Russia, India and Australia, there exist earnest workers striving to lift photography to the rank of an art.

In Belgium we find a mixed nation, speaking two languages, and its photography is accordingly imbued with both French and German characteristics, but it is quite distinct from both. As the Flemish painters for many years have been striving to bring back the glory of their nation in art, by again reproducing national feelings, so also the photographers to-day are forming a national school by expressing national characteristics.

In England, despite the separation of photographers in two groups, the Royal and the Linked Ring, a unanimity of thought, feeling and expression pervades the whole work. The English photographer, with few exceptions, stays at home and photographs what is about him, his meadows, his cathedrals, his people, his home, and this love of home is the keynote of English character and success. His love of truth is reflected in his care for detail, his aversion to faking, and his inclination to make straight photographic prints.

In the photographs of Demachy, Dubreuil, Puyo, Le Begue, Lemoine, Madame Binder-Mestro, and others in France, we find all of the same general character; pictures full of grace and beauty; graceful women, posed nude or wonderfully draped, pleasing genre studies and landscapes full of tender beauty and the grace of cultivated parks; all the signs of civilization far advanced and possibly decadent. In other words, French photography portrays the national character just as the erotic and stylistic French literature and the impressionistic and sensuous French paintings of to-day do.

FRANK R. BARROWS

TREASURER, P. A. OF A.

On the other side of the Rhine, in Germany, we find quite a different style of photography. Here are the masters of simplicity in landscape and portrait composition. Every exhibition of German photography is given its key by the massive and magnificent large gum prints in one or several colors by the Hofmeisters, Kuhn, Henneberg, Perscheid, and a dozen others as strong as they. The admiration for great size is a part of the German national character. Kaiser Wilhelm is always seeking to widen German influence, to make his country great in war, in commerce, in diplomacy, in world-mastery. The simplicity of the composition of these pictures reflects the German tendency to concentration, to bending all efforts to a single end. Finally, the somewhat gloomy and fantastic effect of these pictures reveals the imaginative strain so prominent in all German thought,— a relic of their northern ancestry. Thus, in all things, German photography reveals the national character.

I might pursue the analogy, but enough has been said to show that in each of the great progressive countries of Europe, national character has made possible and has created a national school of photography.

In this connection, also, the story of the gradual growth and development of the fine art idea in photography is not without interest.

In the beginning, with the long exposure necessary for the daguerreotype, any distinct striving after artistic effect was hardly possible; yet, for pure beauty, some of the daguerreotypes of those early days can be ranked among the finest portraits ever taken by photography. The character of the sitter is especially well rendered by this early process, because the long exposure rendered any set expression impossible, and the face inevitably assumed its natural resting position. The composition of many of these pictures is admirable. As the daguerreotype gave place to the ambrotype, and, later, to the *carte de visite*, the quality of the pictures constantly deteriorated. Even in this lowest depth of photography, however, some valiant spirits strove for better things. Forty years ago, D. O. Hill, of Perth, in Scotland, made some especially noteworthy pictures, although handicapped by hoop-skirts and poke bonnets, and here and there other workers, such as P. H. Emerson, the author of "Naturalistic Photography." Mrs. Cameron, H. P. Robinson and others in England, set a high standard of artistic work in landscape and in genre. These efforts of a few individuals, however, did not leaven the

mass, and up to within the last fifteen years, the ideal of even exhibition judges was microscopic detail and pure white skies.

At about this period, photographers in many countries began to show an inclination toward more feeling in their photographic work. The first important manifestation of this was that of a group of artistically inclined men, members of the Royal Photographic Society of England, who felt that the jury of that body could not appreciate their artistic ideas, withdrew from the society and formed an organization entitled "The Linked Ring," instituting an annual exhibition in London called the "Salon." Thirteen times now has this society held its annual exhibition and the result has been one which the seceders did not contemplate. The artistic standard of the Royal Photographic Society has steadily advanced until, last year, one might have supposed that the same jury had passed the pictures for both. In fact, many pictures were hung in both exhibitions, and one photograph by Doctor Detlefsen, of Chicago, which was passed by the Salon jury for its artistic merit, was, at the Royal Photographic Society, relegated to the technical section. A proposition has been seriously made to reunite the two societies, and, were it not for a few strong personal animosities, this might possibly take place. At all events, the artistic leaven has penetrated all classes in England. The same process has taken place in other countries. In the United States we are only too familiar with the recent formation and history of the Photo Secession, which has assumed to be the sole arbiter of photographic merit in this country. We know, also, that the Salon Club of America, an earnest body of younger workers, has started an active and virile protest against the monopolistic methods of the Photo Secession; that its first exhibition has been held with great success in New York and the other principal cities of the United States, and that the preparations for the second salon are now in full swing. In this country again, therefore, the artistic leaven is working everywhere. The exhibitions of this Association have nearly always touched the high-water mark of cultivated mind in photography. So that both amateur and professional photography in the United States is rapidly approaching, if it has not already reached, a high position among the graphic arts.

Finally, there is the official recognition that has come to photography from the various learned and artistic bodies of the world which accept photography as a fine art. At the recent expositions at Genoa, Turin, Lille and Glasgow, photographs were hung

THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS

EDITOR OF PHOTO ERA

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY

in the fine arts section, and they were regarded as on a footing of perfect equality with the graphic arts. At Dresden, Munich and Berlin, the three great fine arts exhibits of Germany, photographs are received and hung. At Dresden, last year, two hundred and three photographs were shown in a separate pavilion, but hung side by side with etchings, wood engravings, lithographs and other forms of the graphic arts. At the Secession exhibition at Munich, photographs were received and hung, while in Paris last year, at the autumn exhibition held in the Petit Palais, over forty photographs were hung, giving the first formal recognition to photography from the highest tribunal of fine arts in the world.

With these facts in your possession, what more need I say to persuade you of the truth of my contention that photography is indeed a fine art by acknowledgment and recognition.

Gentlemen of the Convention, the divine gift which is a vital part of your profession, of being able to see, feel and create beauty in your photographs, is of priceless value. Not for all the wealth of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Vanderbilt and Astor would you exchange it, this power, this love of the beautiful in nature and in humanity. Great composers set it to music in symphonies — great orators express it in words that burn and live — great sculptors will carve it in marble and stone — while great photographers will fix the fleeting image on glass and paper.

When you stand before your model with camera and plates ready, if your heart is glowing with the love of color, tone, and the sweep of beautiful lines, somewhere within you will come this divine sense of the power to create. It is the spirit of art stirring within you. If you are responsive, you will create with the touch of genius an image of the vision before you. The vision may fade away, but your image will live in your picture to tell of your love in color and line. The love of art never dies. It will be the triumph in you of art in photography, — and you will go down the long road when the final summons comes, with your faces lifted to the stars, supremely happy. For death will never harm those who love to express truth and beauty; only set you free from your bodily limitations and give to your soul the wings of genius.

At the conclusion of Mr. Cummings's address, Mr. Nussbaumer, of Buffalo, was recognized by the president and said : —

"I really think that that most excellent paper by Mr. Cummings should not be lost. There are comparatively few of the photographers of this country present this morning, but those

who are absent should not be deprived of the pleasure of perusing this address. I move you, sir, that it be printed in pamphlet form and distributed among the members of this association."

This motion was seconded by Mr. Victor George of Springfield, Illinois, and unanimously passed, the president saying, after announcing the result of the vote: "That, of course, is provided Mr. Cummings is willing to have it printed." Mr. Cummings replied: "That address belongs to the photographers of America if they think it is worth possessing." (*Applause.*)

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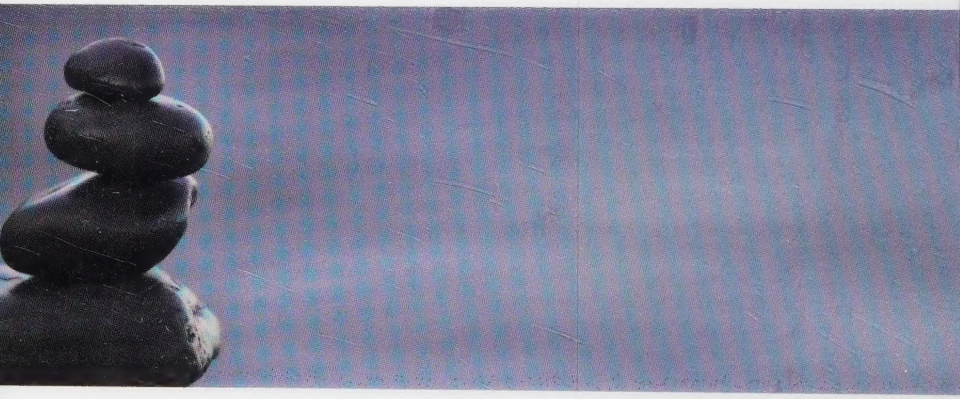

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